

Descendants of the House



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Poetry inspired by Emily Dickinson

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I.

Ironic when flowers bend
and you know them by name.
Something of their essence is straight
though they look irregularly the same.

I feel their going the eve
of being stepped on as they are prone to do.
The same compulsion I must have
to be trampled when humans walk through.

II.

Freedom wishes itself dead
is what the imprisoned said.
So the powers to jail forge ahead.

One breaks stones into graves,
the other mends laws into knaves
for the rest of us alive enough to brave.

Such show-men push the feathery winds
manacled to the birds of an audience for diadems.
So I am anywhere thespian the wind wends.

III.

Now off to the realm of things
no realm has been,
where gusts of societies
terrorize the wind.

A place has its home
to itself as has been
until waves of societies
where water is afraid to swim.

IV

Before I was born I used to be dead.
Before a thought emptiness instead.
After the body consciousness without the head.

Then shapes and colors populate
the Material forms that predominate
when the spirits that return accumulate.

V.

I can see the wind
for it hides behind nothing
when stirring of the bough
or flight of birds as it's huffing.

I can see the sky of it swerve
between vision without touching
skin or nerve,
though it feels like something.

VI.

Something is telling the future
as we bend from the past,
premonitions roaming free
as the sun in chloroplast.

All our conscious hoarded
into this one single image
that pervades the fusion of eyes
to remind us beyond our limits.

VII.

Ate nothing but wild things
east of Eden,
flowers of cross-talk
keeping conversations even.

Respected by the sun
my livelihood grew.
They preached little
of the society I knew.

VIII.

In the absence of time none alienate,
and combined of energy each other create,
and happenstance is a trick too late

when approaching the light we're pleased
to not see as our eye needs,
as with blindness we're appeased.

IX.

But that I was pummeled by mistake,
to society I am awake
who is only true when it is fake.

The only truth that dare arise
after the sun is before their lying eyes
has an immortal face before it dies.

X.

Who only gives what others make?
Such is the ritual of self's sake.
No sleeper prefers to be awake,

especially when sun abounds
as long as there is truth to graveyard mounds
where beds are made on the promised downs.

XI.

Instead of forever tomorrow was a glimpse of,
beyond never yesterday was,
the sun today rains as it must.

Earthly we stand in the midst of us,
finer than stones and curious as dust
as the relics of the graves that reveal us.

XII.

I want to go where the air is on top,
to an Earthward candle formerly the sun
only seen for its unseen parts
that once illuminated none.

I want to go back to the land where there is no inside,
a collection of breath and wuthering
whose breath spans the land and skies,
a land whose riddles are smothering.

XIII.

Makes the wandering a grain of requiem
this side of the earth,
until I crossed over with leverage
from death to birth.

I saw no self to carry in baggage
to wear on the day
I came to enlightenment
in an out-of-body way.

XIV.

Between the forgone a glimpse of survival.
Concluding the light in the tunnel death is archival,
whose purpose used to be revival.

On all sides and everywhere is extra light
given for rationing the dark at night
who require a new life for the oldest sight.

XV.

The closest thing to being free
is when you sleep next to you
and I sleep next to me.

The closest thing to eternity
is the feeling of being party
to the fringes of society.

XVI.

Bullies the wise to fill the circle.
Their overpopulation is half full.
Over propaganda a veil of wool.

Society knows least about itself.
Knows little that its obviousness lacks stealth.
One can see through it like a servant can through wealth.

XVII.

Televisions of reality wait to come true.
Nothing about life the audience knew,
yet tales of death make their way through.

There is something about an image that replaces all.
Perfection is post-requisite of flaws,
and so, for them we make the laws.

XVIII.

Wait for the future of roses
till the ghosts are blooming.
Winter in its first form requires the muses.
The buds of its second haunt will begin looming.

After death clears away
the spurs your crying wept,
and continue on your way
the ascent the sky expects

till the activities of the eye
thinks poverty between the clouds,
but for any adventure to be so high
will land beneath the hillocks in shrouds.

XIX.

Seeing and hearing and hearing and seeing
is all we do while doing without being.
Continuously smelling and touching and tasting
is all we do such that our senses are wasting.

XX.

Off to the maker of nothing
who stitches together this universe from speeches
about breathing
from which place something is retreating
off into the sorrow of the far reaches.

Returning from the merchant square of nothing
after acquiring the wares of reliquary something
into a room that combines back into nothing,
from the sorrow of the far reaches came
back everything for which nothing is to blame.

XXI.

And all who harken have ears for existence,
for such the deaf teaches.
And know the altitude of what it reaches,
and society seems silent.

XXII.

Predicting the crumbs to fortune
glorying about the weather.
There it seems to sponsor
flight without the feather.

Now beholding now
to save a space for the future,
a palindrome of remembrance
unpredicting the former as it were.

XXIII.

The wild marks its territory with one laugh.
The civil mark it monetarily.
Any who claim to own it
owns the other momentarily,
until who is extinct first
laughs last.

XXIV.

Loud cars are a type of personality.
They use a car to extend you a hand.
They take seriously the roads of their reality,
such that cars are a new type of land.

They speed and rev so you know them personally.
They want to convey to you their wheels
so that you get to know them fully
and how the road to nowhere feels.

What does it mean to them to be who they are
that all of their persona is invested in a car.
And how must they be when they're on their feet,
still ready to speed and rev as they greet?

XXV.

I found my heritage in the wind,
blowing lowly and softly near a headstone
I thought alone looked like where things begin,
though done so discreetly and at last unknown.

One can stand firm in a place that roams,
but eventually the stars will rise out,
and then you will be where you are blown,
in a place you thought would never be home,
such is the uncommon route.

XXVI.

It's windchime weather.
When you listen to the sky,
a bird's chirping and a chime
accuses me better
of patronage of beauty
than of the reasons to stay inside,

for it's mystical out today
with a touch of ominous
when the wind wuthers a bit,
as if to speak eponymous
for the life that dying displays,
for as the winds die they are living
inside while life is giving.
That life is always.

XXVII.

Such arrangement compels eternity,
that the arc of being should bend toward me,
or to anybody that didn't know how to be,
what to do,
or if you should be
following the circle of a path
none can calculate by math,
an unfinished walk that you begin in dreams
and which wakefulness ends,
you for whom the angels send,
called back to sleep.

XXVIII.

Descended from the trivial
I found I had not done,
but from royal company literal
whence my journey begun.

My ancestors offered me a house
that I carried in my being,
though I lived as a mouse
always scrounging and needing.

XXIX.

I'll offer you a tome
the size of three words
that I read in the year of Rome
from whom my share occurs.

Its trees and columns are made of words,
as are its mausoleums and temples,
and its philosophy such letters it deserves,
who grow in rhyme as life grows simple.

XXX.

The great Allentown fair,
where time has slowed,
and all the spirits in the air
have comingled with the sounds owed

of din and bell and hearty screams
of joy and laughter, a different art of war,
and the old graveyard somber as it seems
next door peering in to the Renoir

have all, to me, been conjectured there
as half painted from the past,
of which half only some share
as the crowd disturbs itself into its own class.

XXXI.

Halloween is my resurrected time of year,
the setting to which ghosts adhere.
In droves they come gripped by midnight,
before Christmas reprises its homes in snow white.

Pumpkins would be remiss to not show
their carved faces at such time of year,
and some still linger on rebel porches in snow
with the mistletoe and wreath hung in the rear.

XXXII.

I like to stay silent
in a deafening day
much like war stays violent
in a peaceful way.

I like to be alone
on a lonely day,
much like living has a home
in a homeless way.

I like to watch the earth
on a worldly day,
much like how virgins give birth
in a miracle way.

I like to pass the time
on a timeless day,
much unlike crowds of mankind
in a human way.

XXXIII.

Hello, welcome to here. How may I not help you today?
they say.

the end